Row. Another Morris Sir,
that you must pipe too.
Fra. A poore married couple
desire an offering, Sir.
Bian. Neuer frowne at it,
you cannot mend it now, there's your owne hand,
and yours Moroso to confirme the bargaine.
Petro. My hand,
Moro. Or mine
Bian. Youle find it soe
Petro. A trick, I sweare, a trick,
Bian. yes Sir we trickt ye,
Luia. father.
Petro Hast thou lyen with him spirake?
Luia. Yes truly, Sir,
Petro. And hast thou done the deed boy?
Row. I haue done, Sir,
that that will serue the turne I thinke
Petro. A match then,
Ile be the makr up of this Moroso
there's now no remedie you see, be willing,
for be or be not, he must haue y^e wench
Moro. Since I am ouer reach'd lets in to dinner
and if I can, Ile drink't away.
Fra. Thats well said
Petro. Well Sirrha, ye haue plaid a trick, looke too't,
and lett me be a grand sire within's twelue month
or by this hand Ile curtaile halfe your fortunes,
Row. There shall not want my labour Sir; your monie
here's one has vndertaken,
Fra. Well Ile trust her.

and

And glad I haue so good a pawne.
Row. Ile watch ye.
Petru. Lets in, and drinke of all hands and be Iouiall
I haue my colt againe, and now she carries,
and gentlemen, who euer marries next
Lett him be sure he keepe him to his text. — Exeunt.

Finis.